

At The Seventh Trumpet's Blow

(Parody of "Seven Bridges Road" by the Eagles)

Seven Bridges Road	At the Seventh Trumpet's Blow
There are stars in the Southern sky	Judgment's coals streak through trembling skies
Southward as you go	Prayers of God's Saints flow
There is moonlight and moss in the trees	Lightings, thund'rings, voices and earthquakes
Down the Seven Bridges Road	E'er the Seven Trumpets blow
Now I have loved you like a baby	Now Sodom's hailstones and blood burn the green'ry
Like some lonesome child	Next, the mount of fire!
And I have loved you in a tame way	The sea of blood and rivers of Wormwood
And I have loved you wild	The earth's consumption, dire!
Sometimes there's a part of me	The sun, moon, and stars are dimmed
Has to turn from here and go	Hear the voice cry: Woe! Woe! Woe!
Running like a child from these warm stars	Running from the bane, Hell's locusts' sting
Down the Seven Bridges Road	E'er the Seventh Trumpet blow
There are stars in the Southern sky	There comes, hundreds of millions deep,
And if ever you decide - you should go	See the trumpet's frightful beasts slay God's foes
There is a taste of thyme sweetened honey	There, from His throne, Comes Christ in His glory
Down the Seven Bridges Road	At the Seventh Trumpet's blow